SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Coming Democracy.

In a series of essays grouped together under the general title of *The Coming Democracy* (Macmillans), an attempt is made by Mr. G. HARWOOD to define the aims and tendencies of the modern democratic movement in England, and its probable effect upon religion and the structure of society.

It is plain enough that the changes already made in the conditions of the Parliamentary franchise, viewed in connection with those which will inevitably grow out of them, must throw political power throughout the United Kingdom into the hands of the democracy. It becomes therefore a matter of supreme importance to ascertain what manner of man the British workman is, for he it is who will eventually take the leading part in shaping British legislation. On this point we should probably do wisely to refuse to be guided either by the cultured outsiders, who tell us what the democracy must be from the social conditions under which it lives, or, on the other hand, by workingmen agitators, who take it for granted that their fellows must ultimately desire whatever they themselves are just now eager for. The former would have us believe that the British workman is a barbarian, the latter that he is a revolutionist; but Mr. Harwood is probably right in averring that he is in reality neither the one nor the other, nor anything resembling either. According to the author of this volume, the British workman is an Englishman first, and a workman afterward. He has neither the visionary aspirations of the German, nor the irreconcilable class hatreds of the French; he is simply an ordinary Englishman of narrow education and laborious life, with strong though slow feelings, and much stupidity, mingled with much acuteness. The irreconcilability exhibited on the other side of the Channel has never taken root in England, for no one in that country wishes to make a clean sweep and start everything afresh. The mood of the English masses, now coming into full political power, is not that of men feeling that they have long been kept down and wronged, and who therefore are naturally bent on revenge when their turn comes. Mr. Harwood sees reason to believe that the majority of English working people look on the Government not as something set over them like an Egyptian taskmaster, but rather as something acting for them. So far as his observations go, there is in the heart of the English nation no feeling of resentment against injustice, no burning sense of wrong; accordingly Government is regarded not as a Bastile, into which entry is to be forced in order that it may be destroyed, but as a gatehouse, into which admittance is to be gained that it may be improved and enlarged.

Assuming such to be the character and mood of the British workingman, the author of these essays proceeds to inquire how we may expect his action to affect the chief elements of the Constitution and the chief classes of the community. As regards the Crown, for instance, Mr. Harwood believes that the coming democracy of England will be much guided by feeling, and most of all in such a matter as royalty, which appeals strongly to imagination and enthusiasm. He thinks it will evince but little disposition to tamper with royalty, or to break the thread which links the England of our time with the days of Egbert. In his opinion, it is much more likely that, in case any strain should arise, the Crown and the people would come together and crush the institutions now standing between them. Among these institutions probably the first to go will be the House of Lords, though this, somewhat to our surprise, we find is not the view taken by the author of this volume. Mr. Harwood, of course, does not deny that, should the House of Lords ever be wrong headed enough to set themselves against a strong popular resolve, they would be promptly swept away. But, without giving them much credit for sagacity, he evidently holds that the instinct of self-preservation would save them from such a perilous collision, and it must be acknowledged that the recent action of the Peers in refusing to be guided by Lord Salisbury and in assenting to the passage of the Arrears bill goes far to justify his opinion. According to Mr. Harwood, the masses of the people who will rule the coming democracy never doubt that the Lords are honest, though they may often think them stupid. He goes on to point out that Englishmen are very fond of honesty, and do not revolt much at stupidity; but, on the contrary, rather like it as being something congenial.

It is the effect of the coming democracy upon the House of Commons to which the writer of these essays devotes most attention. He has no doubt that the great lowering of the franchise which is impending will eventually result in the election to the House of Commons of a greatly increased number of veritable workingmen members. Such an infusion will unquestionably produce marked effects, some of which Mr. Harwood would consider good, and others bad. Among the good consequences is mentioned the increased interest in politics among working men. At present the uncertainty as to whether the majority of the voters are watching affairs, and as to when they will interfere in them, paralyzes each successive government, and the cure for such a state of things is only to be found in a more real and extensive representation of the working classes in the House of Commons. Such a representation would also act as a preventive of disaffection and disturbance, for when a disaster comes it is always those who have been least concerned in managing who are sure to be most unreasonable in blaming. A third advantage to be derived from such a representation will be that the expenses of elections will be diminished; but Mr. Harwood insists that bribery at the polls can never be completely extirpated until the ballot has been superseded by viva voce voting. He points out that the objections to the latter system, which held good under a restricted franchise, would be greatly diminished under universal suffrage.

Will the democracy, on the other hand, lower the quality of members of Parliament. If quality is in any way to be measured by money, Mr. Harwood has little doubt that the democracy will lower it. Self-made rich men, in all likelihood, will no longer count it a feather in their caps to get into Parliament, but Mr. Harwood does not think that the landed aristocracy will share the aversion evinced by wealthy parvenus to occupy seats in the national assembly by the sides of workingmen. He denies that the example presented in some parts of the United States, where not taking part in politics is foolishly regarded as a condition of respectability, will hold as a warning of what England must expect. In the United States, since the abolition of slavery, there is no class corresponding to that of the English landed gentry, nor are there now any traditions like those which chiefly give the tone to English national life. We think this point well taken by Mr. Harwood, for in our Southern States before the outbreak of the civil war, the great land owners had no difficulty in maintaining their political ascendancy, although every white man, poor or rich, had a vote. This precedent also may be cited against the suggestion that as democratic tastes and habits extend, members of the land-holding class will not be chosen by constituencies. As a matter of fact, except in temporary periods of class irritation, which will naturally become less frequent as class grievances are removed, the general tendency of democracies is to give themselves too confidingly into the hands of politicians of the upper classes, if the latter personally happen to take their fancy. In fact, Mr. Harwood thinks the future hopeful enough for any Englishman whose single wish is to serve his country. The opportunities, indeed, for such a man will be greater, since a democracy is sure to get itself more frequently into a position requiring his help, or into an alarm from which his voice can recall it. There is, according to our author, no reason to doubt that while the House of Commons is destined to lose the reputation of being the best club in London, and of [illegible] forsaken [illegible]

by the various sorts of worldly politicians whose places will be occupied by working-class members, yet it will not run short of worthy men, able to lead it forward in the path which it has thus far successfully followed.

In connection with this topic Mr. Harwood protests against the common assumption that a democracy means the rule of a mere majority, and that therefore its decisions are determined simply by the counting of heads. What it really means is the rule of public opinion, in the formation of which the press is exercising a constantly increasing influence. To Mr. Harwood it seems certain that English newspapers will more and more mould that public opinion which Parliament is bound to obey, and thus, as in the recent past, the chief function of the House of Lords has been considered to be that of registering the decrees of the Commons, so in the future it may happen that the chief function of the House of Commons will be that of creating a public opinion formed by the press. This change will imply a great loss of power on the part of the legislature, for whether it be true or not that he who makes the songs of a people is greater than he who makes their laws, it is certain that he who makes their opinions is greater than he who obeys them.

Among the social consequences of the accession to power of democracy in England, its effect upon the land question is the most important. We observe with some surprise that Mr. Harwood believes that English workingmen will ultimately incline to an application of the principles laid down by Mr. Henry George; he thinks that not only will all obstacles to the simple, cheap, and certain transfer of land be done away with, but that land will be taxed not merely more heavily than now, but so much more as to establish a new principle—that, namely, of the ultimate State ownership of the whole soil. In other words, the democracy of England will not be disposed, if only for the sake of convenience, to refuse to recognize a modified power of individual ownership of land, but it will at the same time show itself firmly convinced that the land of a country belongs to its whole people by a right which no legal arrangements or historical sequences can ever annul. This right will probably be asserted by making the land a source of national revenue to a much larger extent than it has ever been before. It is suggested that the taxation of land in England may be increased on three distinct grounds. Firstly, because it is now too low, even if land were merely like other property, for the present taxation is no equivalent for the feudal burdens from which the owners have been released; secondly, because land is not like other property, but belongs to the nation as well as to the landlord; thirdly, because it ought to be put into the category of articles of luxury which always bear extra taxation, for as Dr. Johnson said, much of the benefit of a morning walk depends upon its being on one's own land.

In his chapter on the relation of democracy to religion, Mr. Harwood sets forth the grounds for believing that the British workingman will feel the need of a religion, and will accept Christianity as best meeting that need. To the question whether the organization of religion will be framed in conformity with the sectarian or the national ideal, Mr. Harwood, contrary to the prevailing opinion, is inclined to think that the Established Church will survive the transfer of political power from the middle to the working classes. We find ourselves unable to accept his conclusions on this head, which seem to us prompted by sympathy rather than by reason. The experience of the United States shows, we think, indisputably that the sectarian organization of religion is most in harmony with democratic principles.

Some Excellent Work by a New Poet.

Among the young disciples of Mr. A. C. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris few have evinced a greater mastery over the mechanism and music of verse, or a more fruitful devotion to art for art's sake than are evinced in a collection of songs by Mr. RENNELL RODD, published in this country by J. M. Stoddart & Co. The technical merit of the workmanship is perhaps the quality which will first attract attention, but it will be found that many of the poems are fraught with strong imaginative power, and strike with no uncertain touch the keyboard of the emotions. The author's culture is not only wide and accurate, but informed with something of that intuitive comprehension and sympathy which make the past to live again in the pages of Landor; and his experience of life is larger and deeper than would be naturally looked for in the case of a youthful poet. But the poems will speak for themselves, and we shall make copious selections from this attractive volume, confident that our readers will share the surprise and pleasure with which we have listened to the words of a writer heretofore unknown to us.

Here, for example, is a ballad which is fairly resonant with the tone and spirit of the Sagas. We have seen no more faithful and artistic reproduction of the heroic mood of the Norse rovers since William Morris gave us an epic treatment of the same theme in "Sigurd the Volsung:"

THE SEA KING'S GRAVE.

High over the wild sea-border, on the furthest downs to the West,
Is the green grave mound of the Norseman, with the yew-tree grove on its crest.
And I heard in the winds his story, as they leapt up salt from the wave,
And tore at the creaking branches that grew from the sea king's grave.
Some son of the old-world Vikings, the wild sea-wandering lords,
Who sailed in a snake-prowed galley, with a terror of twenty swords.
From the fiords of the sunless winter, they came on an icy blast,
Till over the whole world's seaboard the shadow of Odin passed.
Till they sped to the inland waters and under the Southland skies,
And stared on the puny princes, with their blue, victorious eyes;
And they said he was old and royal, and a warrior all his days,
But the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the island ways.
And he came from a hundred battles, and died in his last wild quest,
For he said, "I will have my vengeance, and then I will take my rest."
He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of the isles was dead;
He had drunken the draught of triumph, and his cup was the isle king's head;
And his spirit of the song and feasting, and the gladness of things to be,
And those days over the water they rowed on a waveless sea.
Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward, and a gust broke out of the cloud,
And the spray bent over the rowers, and the murmur of winds was loud,
With the voice of the far-off thunder, till the shuddering air grew warm,
And the day was as dark as ever, and the wild god rode on the storm.
But the old man laughed in the thunder as he set his casque on his brow,
And he waved his sword in the lightnings, and clung to the painted prow;
And the shaft of the storm god's quiver flashed out from the flame-flashed skies,
Rang down on his war-worn harness, and gleamed in his fiery eyes.
And his mail and his crested helmet, and his hair and his beard burned red;
And they said, "It is Odin calls;" and he fell, and they found him dead.
So here in his war guise armored, they laid him down to his rest,
In his cloak with the reindeer antlers, and the long gray [illegible] on his breast;
His [illegible] of the islands, with a sail for a shroud [illegible]
And [illegible] galley, and his battle brand in the sheath;
And they buried his bow beside him, and planted the grove of yew,
For the grave of a mighty archer, one tree for each of his [illegible]
Where the flowerless cliffs are sheerest, where the sea [illegible]
And the rocks are at war with the waters, with their [illegible] teeth to the storm,
And the [illegible] Atlantic billows sweep in, and the mists [illegible]
The [illegible] the grass-grown mound where the Norseman's yew tree grows.

By the side of this war dirge, which shows how deeply the author has absorbed and how effectively he can express the spirit of Scandinavian song, let us place two short poems which, by their singular felicity and suggestiveness, recall the classical models which the writer had in mind. The studious simplicity and self-restraint which mark their treatment reveal a thorough comprehension of Horatian methods, while one of them is infused with a tenderness of sentiment for which Catullus alone of Latin poets is conspicuous. The picture, indeed, called up by the discovery of a "Roman Mirror" reminds one of the happiest touches in "The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis," while the little ode "At Lanuvium" would find a native medium in Horatian Sapphics:

A ROMAN MIRROR.

They found it in her hollow marble bed,
There where the numberless dead cities sleep,
They found it lying where the spade struck deep,
A broken mirror by a maiden dead.

These things—the beads she wore about her throat
Alternate blue and amber all untied

A lamp to light her way, and on one side
The toll men pay to that strange ferry boat.

No trace to-day of what in her was fair!
Only the record of long years grown green
Upon the mirror's lustreless dead sheen,
Grown dim at last, when all else withered there.

Dead, broken, lustreless! It keeps for me
One picture of that immemorial land,
For oft as I have held thee in my hand
The dull bronze brightens, and I dream to see

A fair face gazing in thee wondering wise,
And o'er one marble shoulder all the while
Strange lips that whisper till her own lips smile
And all the mirror laughs about her eyes.

It was well thought to set thee there, so she
Might smooth the windy ripples of her hair
And knot their tangled waywardness, or ere
She stood before the Queen Persephone.

And still it may be where the dead folk rest
She holds a shadowy mirror to her eyes,
And looks upon the changelessness, and sighs
And sets the dead land lilies in her breast.

AT LANUVIUM.

Spring grew to perfect summer in one day,
And we lay there among the vines, to gaze
Where Circe's isle floats purple, far away
Above the golden haze:

And on our ears there seemed to rise and fall
The burden of an old world song we knew,
That sang, "To-day is Neptune's festival,
And we, what shall we do?"

Go down, brown-armed Campagna maid of mine,
And bring again the earthen jar that lies
With three years' dust above the mellow wine;
And, while the swift day dies,

You first shall sing a song of waters blue,
Paphos and Cnidos in the summer seas,
And one who guides her swan-drawn chariot through
The white-shored Cyclades;

And I will take the second turn of song,
Of floating tresses in the foam and surge
Where Nereid maids about the sea god throng;
And night shall have her dirge.

Of the five sonnets printed in this volume, two, which are respectively entitled "Actea" and "Imperator Augustus," seem to us noteworthy examples of success in a peculiarly difficult form of composition. The subject in each instance is an incident with which the student of Roman history is familiar, and it is strange that their singular adaptation to the artistic conditions of sonnet writing have not before been recognized. Each picture is drawn with the dainty finish and precision of the carvings in a cameo, and the spiritual significance of the story is brought out with a subdued but penetrating pathos:

ACTEA.

When the last bitterness was past, she bore
Her singing Cæsar to the Garden Hill,
Her fallen, pitiful, dead Emperor.
She lifted up the beggar's cloak he wore—
The one thing living that he would not kill—
And on those lips of his that sang no more,
That world-loathed head which she found lovely still,
Her cold lips closed, in death she had her will.

O wreck of the last human soul left free
To gorge the beast thy mask of manhood screened!
Because one living thing, albeit a slave,
Shed those hot tears on thy dishonored grave,
Although thy curse be as the shoreless sea,
Because she loved, thou art not wholly fiend.

IMPERATOR AUGUSTUS.

Is this the man by whose decree abide
The lives of countless nations, with the trace
Of fresh tears wet upon the hard cold face?
—He wept, because a little child had died.

They set a marble image by his side,
A sculptured Eros, ready for the chase;
It wore the dead boy's features, and the grace
Of pretty ways that were the old man's pride.

And so he smiled, grown softer now, and tired
Of too much empire, and it seemed a joy
Fondly to stroke and pet the curly head,
The smooth round limbs so strangely like the dead,
To kiss the white lips of his marble boy
And call by name his little heart's desired.

There is scarcely one of the poems in this collection which is not eminently song-like, but there are four of them which the author has chosen to describe specifically as songs. Like some of Mr. Swinburne's essays in pure melody, they almost seem to set themselves to music as we read them. We quote two of them—"Long After" and "A Song of Autumn"—the first of which has unmistakable echoes of Mr. Swinburne's "Rococo," but there are traces in it of genuine feeling, which were absent in the elder poet's *tour de force*:

LONG AFTER.

I see your white arms gliding
In music o'er the keys,
Long drooping lashes hiding
A blue like summer seas;
The sweet lips wide asunder,
That tremble as you sing;
I could not choose but wonder
You seemed so fair a thing.

For all these long years after
The dream has never died,
I still can hear your laughter,
Still see you at my side;
One lily hiding under
The waves of golden hair;
I could not choose but wonder,
You were so strangely fair.

I keep the flower you braided
Among those waves of gold,
The leaves are sere and faded,
And like our love grown old.
Our lives have lain asunder,
The years are long, and yet
I could not choose but wonder,
I cannot quite forget.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

All through the golden weather
Until the autumn fell,
Our lives went by together
So wildly and so well.

But autumn's wind uncloses
The heart of all your flowers;
I think as with the roses,
So hath it been with ours.

Like some divided river
Your ways and mine will be,
To drift apart forever,
Forever till the sea.

And yet for one word spoken,
One whisper of regret,
The dream had not been broken,
And love were with us yet.

We reproduce next a tiny poem, but eight lines long, which seems in its sweet simplicity not unworthy of its theme:

THE DAISY.

With little white leaves in the grasses,
Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
It waits till the daylight passes,
And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
And I know what it wished to say:
There are stars all night in the heaven,
And I am the star of day.

The following verses, entitled "When I am Dead," give striking utterance to a mood which is probably not unfamiliar to those who have deeply loved, and in which it seems to them that heaven itself would be imperfect if the spirit possessed no power of revisiting the scenes of earthly felicity:

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead my spirit
Shall wander far and free,
Through realms the dead inherit
Of earth and sky and sea;
Through morning dawn and gloaming,
By midnight moons at will,
By shores where the waves are foaming,
By seas where the waves are still.
I, following late behind you,
In wingless, sleepless flight,
Will wander till I find you,
In sunshine or twilight;
With silent kiss for greeting
On lips and eyes and head,
In that strange after-meeting
Shall love be perfected.
We shall lie in summer breezes
And pass where whirlwinds go,
And the Northern blast that freezes
Shall bear us with the snow.
We shall stand above the thunder,
And watch the lightnings hurled
At the misty mountains under
Of the dim, forsaken world.
We shall find our footsteps' traces,
And passing hand in hand
By old familiar places,
We shall laugh and understand.

It is a bold hand that ventures to touch a theme which Keats has made his own, and yet we think the reader will acknowledge that our gallery of pictures drawn from the Greek mythology is the richer for Mr. Rodd's treatment of "Endymion." There is a surprising exhibition of pictorial power in such lines as "Looked up and swept away my long, wild hair," and "Stepped through the water rings." In connection with this poem, whose theme would easily have lent itself to a fervent, not to say erotic treatment, it is pertinent to point out the cleanliness and wholesome purity of the author's style, by which he is honorably distinguished both from his master, Mr. Swinburne, and from most of the younger verse makers of the Swinburnian school. There is passion, but no taint of animalism, in these poems:

ENDYMION.

She came upon me in the middle day,
Bowed o'er the waters of a mountain mere;
Where dimly mirrored in the ripple's play
I saw some fair thing near.

I saw the waters lapping round her feet,
The widening rings spread, follow out and die,
I saw the mirror and the mirrored meet,
And heard a voice hard by.

So I, Endymion, who lay bathing there,
Half hidden in the coolness of the lake,
Looked up and swept away my long wild hair,
And knew a goddess spake.

A form white-limbed and peerless, far above
The [illegible] fairest of [illegible] things,
The perfect vision of a dream of love,
Stepped through the water rings;

That breathed soft names and drew me to her arms,
White arms, and clinging in a long caress,
And won me wholly by the magic charms
Of perfect loveliness.

Till on my breast a throbbing bosom lies,
The dim hills waver, and the dark woods roll,
For all the longing of two glorious eyes
Takes hold upon my soul.

Then only when the sudden darkness fell
Upon the silver of the mountain mere,
And through the pine trees of the slanting dell,
The moon rose cold and clear,

I seemed alone upon the dewy shore—
For she had left me as she came, unwarned—

And fell from sighing into sleep before
The summer morning dawned.

What wonder now I find no maiden fair
Who dwells between these mountains and the seas,
And go unloving and unloved, or ere
I turn to such as these?

What wonder if the light of those wide eyes
Makes other eyes seem cold; for that loud laughter
Lost love has nothing left but sighs
For all the time hereafter?

Yet better so, far better; no regret
Can touch my heart for that sweet memory's sake,
But only sighing for the sun that set
Behind the summer lake.

* * * * * * * *

But yestermorn it was; the second night
Comes softly stealing over yon blue steep;
The world grows silent in the fading light,
There is no joy but sleep.

—I cannot bear her fair face in the skies,
Beyond the drowsy waving of the trees—
A soft breeze kisses round my heavy eyes,
A restful summer breeze.

What means this dreamless apathy of sleep!
—A mist steals over the dim lake, the shore,
Until my closing eyes forget to weep—
Oh, let me wake no more!

In the next poem which we cull from Mr. Robb's repertory—"A Star Dream"—it is not difficult to trace a reminiscence of Thomas Hood. But the author abundantly demonstrates his right to borrow by his capacity to lend. There are few of our living song writers who would not be glad to sign the last of these stanzas, beginning with "Ah! have you found our starry skies?" They cannot but linger on the ear of all those who are sensible to the blended charm of feeling and of melody:

A STAR DREAM.

There was a night when you and I
Looked up from where we lay,
When we were children, and the sky
Was not so far away.

We looked toward the deep dark blue
Beyond our window bars,
And into all our dreaming drew
The spirit of the stars.

We did not see the world asleep—
We were already there!
We did not find the way so steep
To climb that starry stair.

And faint at first and fitfully,
Then sweet and shrill and near,
We heard the eternal harmony
That only angels hear;

And many a hue of many a gem
We found for you to wear,
And many a shining diadem
To bind about your hair;

We saw beneath us faint and far
The little cloudlets strewn,
And I became a wandering star,
And you became my moon.

Ah! have you found our starry skies?
Where are you all the years?
Oh, moon of many memories!
Oh, star of many tears!

The twelve lines which follow are not unfittingly described by their author as "After Heine." They admirably reproduce the almost austere terseness and strange suggestiveness of the German lyrist:

AFTER HEINE.

Beautiful fisherman's daughter,
Steer in your back to the land!
Come down to me over the water
And talk to me hand in hand!
Lay here on my heart those tresses,
For look, what have you to fear
Who are bold with the sea's caresses
Every day in the year?
My heart is at one with the deep,
In its storm, in its ebb and flow,
And ah! There are pearls asleep
In cavernous depths below.

We have space but for one more citation—a poem called "Disillusion," which might with entire propriety have been placed in the special category of Songs. The reader will at once recognize its eminently tuneful quality.

DISILLUSION.

Ah! what would youth be doing,
To hoist his crimson sails,
To leave the wood doves cooing
The song of nightingales;
To leave this woodland quiet
For murmuring winds at strife,
For waves that foam and riot
About the seas of life?

From still bays silver sanded
Wild currents hasten down,
To rocks where ships are stranded
And eddies where men drown.
Far out, by hills surrounded,
Is the golden haven gate,
And all beyond unbounded
Are shoreless seas of fate.

They steer for those far highlands
Across the summer tide,
And dream of fairy islands
Upon the further side.
They only see the sunlight,
The flashing of gold bars,
But the other side is moonlight,
And glimmer of pale stars.

They will not heed the warning
Blown back on every wind,
For hope is born with morning,
The secret is behind.
Whirled through in wild confusion
They pass the narrow strait
To the sea of disillusion
That lies beyond the gate.

We have quoted at unusual length from Mr. Rodd's collection, because, aside from the clear promise of better things to come, the positive excellence of his workmanship seemed to challenge for him a wide audience. These first essays manifestly suffice to demonstrate that the writer is an artist. He possesses the faculty of song, and if he has not yet ventured to grapple with the deeper problems of existence, this is a shortcoming likely to be corrected by a larger experience of life. We trust we shall speedily hear again from the author of poems which are at once finished and heart-stirring, glowing yet wholesome, melodious and yet thoughtful. M. W. H.

The Irish in America.

Under the above title the Messrs. Roberts have reprinted an interesting monograph on the history of the emigration from Ireland to the United States, and the influence exercised on the politics of their native country by the Irish settlers in America. The author, Mr. P. H. BAGENAL, is an Englishman, and looks at Irish questions from an English point of view, and we have therefore been unable to find anything new or valuable in his remarks on the recent Land League agitation, and the relation of that movement to the Irish element of the American population. On the other hand, his researches in the early history of Irish emigration to this country have had substantial results, and are likely to surprise those persons who imagine that our struggle for independence was almost exclusively carried on by colonists of English descent. The large part taken by Irishmen in the winning of our political liberties is clearly brought out in this volume. The striking facts collected by the author ought to be widely known, for they would go far to render impossible a renewal of the old Native American agitation under any form.

As early as the middle of the seventeenth century the English authorities in Ireland gave orders to deliver all prisoners of war and all destitute persons to the agents of Bristol merchants, for transportation to New England. In 1653 550 able-bodied men and marriageable women were by one shipment drawn from the purest Celtic blood of the south of Ireland and infused into the primal stock of the New England people. Within four years the same Bristol firms of slave dealers had shipped 6,400 Irish men and women to the British colonies of North America. Maryland, probably from its Catholic origin, was, at an early period, a point of attraction. So rapidly did the Irish Catholic element multiply in this colony that in 1798 the Protestant inhabitants passed an act imposing a fine of twenty shillings for each Irish servant, "to prevent the importing of too great a number of Irish Papists into the province." Apparently, however, this had not the desired effect, for in 1717 yet another act was passed against "Irish Papists" more stringent than the first. In the ten years between 1727 and 1737 the Irish furnished to the Carolinas and Georgia the majority of their settlers. Pennsylvania, however, would appear to be most distinctively an Irish colony. In 1727 there arrived in Newcastle Government 4,500 persons, chiefly from Ireland, and at Philadelphia 1,155 Irish, of whom none were servants. In the very next year 5,600 Irish landed at the port of Philadelphia, the proportion of Irish to all other emigrants taken together, being nearly ten to one. From this date down to the eve of the Revolution the inflow of emigrants from Ireland seems to have been amazingly copious. In the years 1771-72 the number of emigrants to America from Ireland alone amounted to 17,350. Within the first fortnight of August, 1773, there arrived at Philadelphia 3,500 colonists from Ireland, and from the same document which records this circumstance it appears that vessels were arriving every month freighted with emigrants from Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. As most of these settlers were intensely discontented with the treatment they had received at home, their accession to the colonial population had no tendency to diminish the hostile sentiments toward Great Britain which were daily gathering force in America.

In another chapter Mr. Bagenal shows what the Irish actually did on the battle field of the Revolution. In the evidence taken before a committee of the House of Commons on the conduct of the American war, it was stated, in answer to a question by Edmund Burke, and on the authority of Gen. Lee, that "half the rebel Continental army were from Ireland." Evidence to the same effect is supplied by the official register of the officers and men from New Jersey who took part in the Revolutionary war. The number of Irish names appearing in the list is most remarkable. Not only were the rank and file of the Continental army largely composed of Irish, but very many of the most distinguished Generals were of Celtic birth or descent. Thus Richard Montgomery, the first General of the Continental army who fell in the struggle, was born in County Donegal; Major-General Anthony Wayne, known as "Mad Anthony" on account of his reckless valor, was the son of Irish parents. So was Major-Gen. Knox, who throughout the contest was actively engaged as an artillery officer, and who subsequently occupied the post of Secretary of War in Washington's Administration. John Barry, the first Commodore of the American navy, was born in County Wexford; the three brothers, John, Daniel, and Ebenezer Sullivan, who were conspicuous figures throughout the Revolutionary period, were of Irish blood. John Stark was the son of one of the earliest Irish colonists of New Hampshire, and in looks, gesture, and brogue was as Irish as if he had been reared in Cork. Gen. Walter Stewart came to America from Londonderry; Gen. William Irvine of the Pennsylvania line, and Gen. William Thompson, who commanded the American forces in the battle of Trois Rivieres, in Canada, were both natives of Ireland. Gen. Edward Hand, who became Adjutant-General of the Continental forces, was of Irish descent, and Brig.-Gen. Moylan was born in the south of Ireland. It would be impossible to go through the roll of Irish names that adorn the military history of the Revolution, but it should be noted that Irishmen furnished material assistance in all important ways. When, for instance, the bank of Pennsylvania was established for supplying the army with provisions, ninety-three firms and individuals subscribed £300,000, of which more than a third was contributed by twenty-seven members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. It is further pointed out by the author of this volume that when the Declaration of Independence was signed in the old hall in Philadelphia, at least nine men of Irish birth or Irish descent put their names to the document.

It is safe to say that if facts like these had been properly set forth in the school books of the last generation, there would have been no room for the outburst of prejudice which gave rise to the Native American movement. If the large share taken by the Irish in the foundation of our national independence had been rightly appreciated, the foolish attempt to ostracize them would have been repelled with indignation, instead of acquiring for a brief time considerable political significance.

A NEW THEORY OF HELL.

Only Those Damned Who Damn Themselves.

From the Independent (Orthodox Congregationalist).

We submit a few of Professor Franz Delitzsch's positions:

The spirit of man cannot possibly die in the same sense as the body. Such a death is inconsistent with its nature and its origin. It cannot be dissolved into its primitive elements, for it is not composed of elements. Nor can it be annihilated, for it is of direct divine source. It is conceivable that God might, without actually destroying it, reduce it to a state of unconsciousness; but that he does *not* do this, even when the soul is past all hope of redemption, is evident from his not doing it in the case of the lost angels.

The sin of Satan was direct, and effected a total obduration, an entire extinction of the divine image in him. The first sin of man was indirect, and effected but a partial extinction of the divine image. And so long as the human soul has not yet proceeded to such an intensity of sin as entirely to have obliterated the image of God it is still redeemable.

The words of the creed, "He descended into hell," are no Romish myth. Christ descended into Hades, the intermediate state, and presented himself to the collective body of departed spirits as the Prince of Life. The pious dead saw him as their Redeemer, the hardened sinners as their Judge, and to that vast multitude who had passed from life without entire addiction to sin he preached the Gospel and offered redemption.

The resurrection bodies of the lost will not be pneumatic, but only psychic and fleshly. They will be devoid of all those qualities which could serve to hide the inner hatred and disorder of the lost soul.

But does not the perpetuity of a world of evil spirits conflict with the Christian doctrine of the "restoration of things?" If the whole creation were but a single creature, this might be so; but, as it consists of an infinity of personal individuals, it suffices to vindicate God's sovereignty that all those who have realized their ideal be gathered into the kingdom of love, while such as have definitively resisted all the approaches of grace and have thus destroyed themselves are relegated to the realm of night, where they can no longer harm or disturb. Thus God is, in fact, "all in all." The right has conquered. Evil is shut up within bounds. There is no need that evil should be annihilated in order that, as with the six days of creation, so the six days of human history may also be pronounced a complete success. On the contrary, both anthropological, psychological, and ethical considerations call for the possibility of an eternal damnation; for, as man cannot be saved by force, it must be possible for the will to hold definitively fast to its impenitence, to reject forever all grace, and thus to prefer its eternal damnation. Nor does this possibility of an ever-during impenitence imply an eternal possibility of repentance; for experience shows clearly that evil, when persisted in beyond a certain point, assumes the form of an unchangeable natural necessity. Within definite limits a turning point, a conversion is yet possible, provided that gracious outer conditions concur with the inner effort of the sin-bound soul; but, in the nature of the case, there must occur a point in the growth in evil beyond which all possibility of change ceases, and, though we dare not arbitrarily fix this point at any stage within time (e. g., at the hour of bodily death), yet we are forced to place it this side of the definitive consummation of the world's history. So long as time is not as yet swallowed up in eternity, the conversion of sinners must be possible; for the true Christian conception of time is that it is a condition of probation and of grace. So long, therefore, as the sinner is within the limits of time he is under the merciful forbearance of God. But when not simply this or that portion of time, but time in general, has ceased—that is, when both the earthly lifetime is over and also the whole period of the intermediate state has terminated—and when the general resurrection and the transformation of physical creation shall be complete, then it is impossible to conceive any remaining possibility of conversion in those who have resisted all previous influences of grace. Surely, by this time the nature of such as shall remain impenitent will have become so obdurate that no possible advances of grace would waken in them any response. Hence, any such fruitless advance of grace will not be made, and the sinner will remain under the doom which he has definitely chosen.

This possible eternal continuance of evil is a great stumbling block to human reason. We are constantly tempted to imagine this or that escape out of the uncomfortable dualism. Let reason do this as it may see fit, but let it not pervert the Scriptures. The Bible teaches the eternal personal existence of all personal creatures.

But how are we to conceive of the eternal existence of the saved and the lost? It will not be a monotonous standstill. The blessed are rooted in the ever-enduring life of God. This divine life is to them an eternal present throughout all eons of eons. There is no past which they will wish back, and no future which they would prefer to their present. Their present is the presence of God. To be without this presence and to endure this lack forever is of itself the hellish torment of the damned.

All who are not clothed in the glorious light forms of the resurrection to life are sunken away under the wrath forms of night; and in the darkness of this night they live forth a self-consuming life, a life which is as if it were not (*ein wie nichtseien des Lebens*).

Dr. Delitzsch agrees with Rothe in regarding the pains of hell as the inherent effects of sin. He damns only those who damn themselves, an outrageous, deliberate, definitive rejection of every conceivable approach of Divine grace.

Life in Northwestern Dakota.

From the St. Lawrence Tribune.

The white men all have Indian squaws to do their housework, that is, those who are able to afford them, for it costs something to get one. Those young whites who can catch a young Indian woman away from her parents and throw a blanket over her and run off and secrete her a certain length of time can have her as a wife. Otherwise it will take several ponies or cows, or from $100 to $200, according to the rank of the family. Among the fifteen or twenty families only one white lady was seen. While there the wife of a rancher died and was buried according to Indian customs. In the coffin, which was a pine box, the relations of the dead squaw placed everything that they thought would be of any benefit to the spirit Indian in going to the happy hunting ground. Such things as thimbles, scissors, thread, buttons, needles, smoothing irons, and the like were heaped on the corpse until the lid would scarcely close. The bereaved husband told me the Indians mourned for pay. One squaw, as a recompense for her mourning, relieved his sugar barrel of twenty-five pounds of sugar. Others took other things in accordance. Three hundred cups of coffee a day while the lady was sick was a low estimate of the coffee he dealt out to the Indians.

WHEN TOURISTS SHOULD GO TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN THE MEDICINE BOW RANGE, Sept. 14.—A mistake is made by Eastern people, and by Western, too, in the time selected for a trip in the Rocky Mountains. The hot weather of June, July, and August causes thousands to rush to the highland towns; causes other thousands to go into tents that are pitched in the outskirts of the mountain watering places. It is true that these people escape from the intense heat of the arid, wind-swept plains and interior towns; but it is also true that they enter the highlands when they are swarming with insect life, and at the very time they should be avoided by all sensible persons, and they leave the mountains just as the people who thoroughly understand mountain life begin to wipe out their double-barrelled guns and rifles and to test their fishing rods and lines. The trappers, placer miners, and prospectors only seem to know when life is most enjoyable in these rugged, pine-clad hills.

During the summer months, until the middle of August, the Rocky Mountain region is infested with blood-sucking insects. Early in June, before the snow has disappeared, the mosquitoes appear. The mountain mosquitoes are the most vigorous of their kind. They are an insect of the daylight, the nights being too cold for their thin blood. They apparently draw their life from the sun. They hatch in ice water, and, rising in the cool air, fly through the forest to the nearest snow bank. There they rest and survey the country with interest, ready to attack prospector or miner. The further north in the range you may be, the more numerous the mosquitoes are. On the Peace River—but no one goes to the Peace River for pleasure, so why retell the yarn an old Montana comrade of mine told to me one July evening many years ago, as we, wrapped in heavy blankets, sat in the dense clouds of smoke rising from a fire of resinous logs on the south bank of the Kootenay River?

In July, the deer fly—a winged staghound—makes its appearance. These course through the highlands. They drive the game almost crazy. I have seen one of these insects, about the size of a honey bee, take a firm hold of a 200-pound man and fairly hurl him three feet into the air and bite him again before he came down swearing, slapping, panic-stricken, and asking in trembling tones if Indians were about, and if they had mortally wounded him. These staghounds of the air are short lived. A month, happily spent by them in chasing the elk and deer through the forests, and driving them into the perpetual snowbanks and through lofty mountain passes, keeping the game constantly moving and thin in flesh, and their life is ended.

Late in July a gnat, similar to the buffalo gnat, but more cunning in attack than those stupid, reckless insects, appears in moderate numbers. These gnats are the most dreaded of all the mountain insects. Their bite causes the skin to swell as a puffball, and to itch intolerably.

Before the sharp frosts of late August these insects disappear, and then the highlands are free from all insect life for the rest of the year. Ice forms almost every night in early September. The grass in the deer parks is brown. The leaves of the willow bushes turn yellow. The Oregon grape plants, a low shrub, the roots of which are highly valued for their medicinal properties, bend low under their burdens of purple grapes. The ripe, red, mountain huckleberries thickly stud the four-inch high evergreen bushes. The grouse are full grown and feed among the shrubs and on spruce buds. The pine squirrels are saucy. The male deer and elk have grown their horns, and, being free from insect attack, are growing fat. The presence of female deer and elk with their weaned young by their sides incites the horned males to fierce combat. The bellowing of bull elk as they roam through the forest luring the cows with sonorous calls resounds along the pine-clad flanks of the mighty ranges. Occasionally patches of torn earth, where huge grizzly bears have dug for roots or insects to satisfy their swine-like appetite, are seen, startling the hunter and causing him to look anxiously among the underbrush.

Life is worth living in the Rocky Mountains during September and October. The season of placer mining is over. The air is cool. The grass and shrubs are heavily coated with hoar frost in the early morning. It is Indian summer. The hazy air is laden with the resinous scent of the evergreens and the odor of the ripe wild fruit. The pine trees seem to rejoice as they murmur that the heat of summer is past and the flakes of winter are at hand. The mountaineers know they are alive, because they are happy and hungry. Men become animals. They eat, sleep soundly, roam through the forests, and know they have a stomach, because, no matter how heartily they have eaten of broiled elk or deer steaks and baked potatoes for breakfast, it is always empty before noon, and complainingly saying, "See here, pard, is not this an unusually long morning? Is it not time for dinner? It is surely 1 o'clock. It must be. I know the sun is not high, and that your watch says it is but 9 o'clock; but don't you think the shortness of this climate affects watches and sun dials? Come, let's eat. There is a grouse in that tree. Shoot him and cook him on a stick, and let's eat him. I am empty! empty! empty!"

It was but yesterday that I weakly yielded to the appeals of Stomachus and shot a cock blue grouse. I roasted the fowl as thoroughly as possible, seeing that I was hurried by the unreasonable conduct of Stomachus, who insisted that the bird was sufficiently roasted when the agreeable smell of singed meat filled the air. I sat by a spring of ice water that gushed from under a large spruce tree, and, while eating and drinking afterward, saw a pretty sight. I heard two squirrels loudly scolding. There was a sharp, shrill whistle, and nimbly running over the pine-needle-clad ground came a squirrel, in pursuit another and larger squirrel. Intent on escape, apparently blind with terror, the foremost squirrel ran to within two feet of me before she saw me. Seeing me, she threw herself to one side and uttered a loud cry of alarm, causing the male to cease pursuit and nimbly climb a tree, while she sprang up another. Sitting on a limb some ten feet above me, with her sides heaving and her tail jerking nervously, she looked me in the face. Apparently satisfied that I did not intend to harm her, she sat upright, and cat-like made her toilet. Soon I saw a half-grown squirrel descending a neighboring tree. He chatted incessantly, apparently calling his brothers and sisters, as they speedily followed him. The foremost of the little ones saw his mother, who was regarding the descending squirrels with great interest, and uttered a little bark. He articulated something intelligible to the others, as they became highly excited and jumped quickly from tree to tree and clambered on to their mother. They were rejoiced to see her. She, standing upright, pushed them off. Undaunted, they caressed her, tumbled over her, hugged her. It was apparent to me that they were artfully coaxing her into a good humor, in hopes of being allowed to draw nourishment from exhausted fountains. Her counterfeit of rage was perfect and pretty. She slapped, she bit, she kicked, and, kicking clear of the four, ran up and down lofty trees and along fallen logs, with the four young children in eager pursuit. This chase lasted for nearly an hour. It looked like play, but it was actually the manifestation of an earnest intention on the mother's part to wean the half-grown squirrels. During the chase, the father squirrel had sat, loudly protesting against my presence, in a neighboring tree. Becoming interested in the coursing, he finally decided to join it. Ah! it was, indeed, the advent of the stern parent. He quickly caught the little ones, and one by one soundly trounced them. He cuffed and bit them sharply and scolded them loudly. One by one the young gave over the pleasures of the chase and sat disconsolately in a small spruce tree, complainingly chattering as though saying: "Well, that is too mean! We would surely have caught her on the next log. Now we have got to eat pine nuts!" and, after resting, they contentedly ate the nuts. The parent squirrels, sitting side by side on the limb of a pine, loudly discussed the outrageous conduct of their offspring, emphasizing their remarks by emphatic jerks of their bushy tails. The full recital of the scandal evidently enraged the father of the family, as he made a sudden onslaught on the young ones. They squeaked and fled. He chased them into the forest and returned growling. Clambering up to the limb where his consort sat, he made tender advances to her. She coldly repulsed them, and while the twain were engaged in love making the four young squirrels returned and squeaked disparagingly at the spectacle.

I was interested in this play of the squirrels and sat quietly watching them, when, to my dismay, Stomachus whispered suggestively: "Don't you think that large squirrel is very fat?" "The Lord deliver me!" I exclaimed. "Come along with me;" and springing to my feet I grasped my rifle and walked home over the mountain trail. FRANK WILKESON.

His Horse Killed Under Him.

From the Leavenworth Times.

About a mile west of Mound City on the Blue Mound road, last week, a man rode under a large oak tree to shelter from the shower. As he sat on his horse, with the animal's head near the tree, a stroke of lightning shivered the top and passed down the trunk on the side toward the horse and rider, tearing out a wide belt to the ground. The horse was instantly killed, while the man escaped with a very slight shock.

CROCODILES IN FLORIDA.

Their Immense Size—Attacking a Boat—Hides and Teeth—A Ride on a Cayman.

"I shot that crocodile in Key Biscayne, Florida, last month," said a dealer in curiosities to a couple of customers.

"Alligator, you mean," said a bystander.

"No; crocodile."

"Never heard of one in Florida."

"Well," was the reply, "I won't go into the particulars of your ignorance, as you're perhaps excusable. Crocodiles in Florida certainly are a late discovery, and to-day there is not one man in a thousand that knows they can be found there."

"How is it they have never been seen?" asked one of the group of listeners.

"In the first place," said the crocodile hunter, "they ain't so common; and in the second place, when the average sporting man sees an ugly critter before him ten or fifteen feet long, he ain't apt to examine into specific differences. The first crocodile brought from Florida is in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Any one can see it, and there's a big difference between them and alligators. Even the Indians and 'Crackers' know the difference. They call the crocodiles 'long-nosed 'gaters,' and that's just where the difference comes in. The scientific name is *Crocodilus acutus*, from their sharp nose. Their habits are unlike the 'gaters'. These lie around up the rivers in fresh water, but the crocodiles live in the salt marshes. The way we came across them was all by accident. We'd been a sponging on the reef, and it coming on to blow from the north'ard, we put into Key Biscayne, and lay in the lee of the key. It blew for three days, and then we went ashore for water, and put the dingy up a creek or kind of bay that set in. The place grew narrower as we pulled in, and was overgrown with bay cedars and mangroves. I was just thinking about jumping overboard to haul the dingy ashore when we ran into something. The shock knocked me over on to the bows, and before I could get up I heard a splash, and my mate yelled 'Down bridge!'—he used to be skipper of a canal boat—and all hands ducked, dropping oars and everything, and the tail of a 'gater came over the boat like an administration reform. It knocked out the rowlocks, and would have knocked a man's head off. We lay close, I tell you. The boat half filled. The creature made three or four hits at us with its tail, and then made off. When we looked over the rail, there was the biggest 'gater I ever saw. The boat was eighteen feet long, and the creature was longer than the boat. As soon as we recovered we——"

"Followed him up, eh?"

"No," replied the story teller, "we pulled for the shore in short metre. The 'gator got off into deep water, but the next day we came back and I had a shot at him. He got off and up the creek still further, but I put a bullet into this one I have here. As soon as we picked him up all hands noticed the difference, but most of us didn't think it was a crocodile. It was, however, and there's a heap of them right there waiting to be caught. But no more crocodiles for me; I'm satisfied with 'gators. They ain't so ugly, and there's a savage look about a crocodile that ain't pleasant. Now, a 'gator will come up, lay her eggs, and walk off, but with a crocodile it's another story. She stays right near the nest, and pays it a visit four or five times a day to see if things are going on all right. She sort o' stands by to see fair play, while the sun does the hard work. When they do come out, the old one will scratch around in a clumsy way, and try to help them out, all the time making a kind of barking sound as if she was encouraging them to break through, and it does have that effect."

"I never heard of the voice of a crocodile," broke in the objectionist.

"Well, voice they have," continued the speaker. "A man that lives on the Miami River told me that he heard a yelping and barking one day on the key, and thinking a pack of fox hounds had got lost he followed it up, to find it was a big she crocodile; and that's the sound they make, a kind of a yelping bark. When the young come out, she gives the word and off they go after her, like chickens after a hen. The young crocodiles are even fed by the old one by food disgorged. The males show a great taste for their own kin, and some big fights are seen between the male and female over the young. Anybody to see one on land wouldn't think they could get around, but that's their strong hold. They don't lie around like a 'gater, but stand erect on their legs and jump bodily, and in doing so, they crook up their backs in a curious position."

The crocodile from Florida is similar to those found in the swamps of Jamaica, and should not be confused with the cayman of northern South America. The specimen in the National Museum at Washington is perfect, and was set up by Prof. Ward of Rochester. The upper part is dark brown, with a yellowish white under surface; the upper parts of the legs are of deep yellowish tints, green and white. The eyes show a curious membrane analogous to that found in birds, which are not so far from the reptiles as is generally supposed. The mouth is extremely large; the teeth are sharp, those in the middle being the largest and formed for hard work. It is said that though the alligator grows with extreme rapidity, the crocodile grows at the rate of twelve inches in nine months. The cayman and gavial are relations of the above, the latter being the largest, specimens of which having been seen in the Nile twenty-five and even thirty feet long, their long narrow jaws containing 120 sharp teeth. The marsh crocodile of India is much dreaded, and, judging from the skull of one in the British Museum, which is nine feet long, it is safe to promise for its owner a total length of thirty-three feet. In taking food the crocodiles are much livelier than the alligators, and those of the West Indies have been seen to toss their food in the air, catching it skilfully. They rarely attack people out of water, but there is a case on record in which a priest was followed, the reptile gaining on him by taking the most surprising leaps, bending its back after the fashion of a cat, and making such good time that the bewildered clergyman, after rushing round in a circle in vain attempts to avoid it, was obliged to take to a tree, where he was watched for some time.

Waterton, the naturalist, has probably the unenviable distinction of being the only person who ever rode a cayman barebacked. In his "Wanderings" he says:

I placed all the people at the end of the rope and ordered them to pull until the cayman appeared at the surface of the water. He plunged furiously as soon as he arrived at these upper regions, and immediately went below again upon their slacking of the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight, and now told them we would have him on shore immediately at all risks. They pulled again and out he came—"*Monstrum horrendum informe.*" By this time he was within two yards of me. I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation, and I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and leaped upon his back, turning half around as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me as a bridle. He now seemed to recover from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he lashed the sand with his long tail. I was out of reach of the strokes by being near his head, but he continued to strike and plunge, making my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under the water with the cayman. The people now dragged us about forty yards on the sand; it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back.

By a decree of fashion the crocodile and alligator have become familiar, and the demand for their hides exceeds the supply. Boots, shoes, bags, trunks, belts, and innumerable articles are made from it. It is dyed in many tints, but the natural shade is the most desirable, assuming with age a rich chestnut tint. Not only are the hides valuable, but the teeth are made into jewelry, and it is a common sight to see, awaiting the Northern express at Baldwin, Fla., a youth with shirt studs, scarf pin, sleeve buttons, and cane head of crocodile teeth, while his gripsack is perhaps from the same unfortunate reptile. Certain African tribes also affect the teeth, only they are worn in the nose and around the neck.

A Pretty Substantial Ghost.

From the [illegible]

An amusing incident happened Wednesday night about two miles south of [illegible]. [illegible] 11 o'clock on that night a young man while in bed heard some unaccountable noise in his front yard. Thinking that marauders were prowling around he got out of bed, and not waiting to put on his clothes, unfastened the back door and went out into the yard.

Seeing nothing suspicious around the house he walked to the front yard [illegible] the roadside. At that [illegible] which appeared [illegible] night clothes, [illegible] short time a horse attached to an open buggy [illegible] were seated a man and [illegible] came jogging along. If he had been a [illegible] or had the [illegible] dearer, it might have [illegible] all right [illegible] but as it was [illegible] conceal himself from the eyes of the horse.

The [illegible] sight of a white [illegible] in the [illegible] frightened their horse, and the [illegible] stocked with courage, made [illegible] gate the cause of the [illegible] seeing a woman [illegible] his [illegible] feet and ran for the house.

Seeing the apparition the woman uttered a piercing shriek, the horse [illegible] an outcry that the whole neighborhood was aroused, and every one near came out to see what was the trouble. Among those that came finally to the scene of the trouble was the innocent author of it all, who had by this time gotten himself into his day time habiliments.